

The Mountainair Independent

Successor to The Mountainair Messenger

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"He grouches thus;"—Willard Record. Ouch, Ouch!

The fate of the country does not depend on what kind of paper you drop into the ballot box once a year, but it does depend on what kind of man you drop from your chamber into the street every morning.—Henry David Thoreau.

We are indebted to the Willard Record for quite a bit of advertising in its editorial columns of last week. The lawyer-editor ought to watch the "cub" or the said "cub" will boost so much for other papers that the readers will look to the others for their news.

The Estancia Valley farmer has a great deal to be thankful for today. Beans are still climbing higher and higher and the market seems to have no top—with the beautiful thing about it in the farmer's favor—the farmer has the beans. And not only beans, but a bountiful harvest of all crops. Surely in a material way the Estancia Valley farmer has reason for thanksgiving today. Then, one thing we are apt to forget, is the item of health. Where can one find a people where sickness is as scarce as right here in the Estancia Valley? The wonderful ozone-laden atmosphere of "the Land of Sunshine" gives us health as well as wealth.

The Estancia News-Herald gave figures last week to the effect that the Estancia Valley had shipped 118 cars of beans, with a value of \$270,000, and an estimate of some fifty more cars to be shipped. We believe Mr. Constant is too conservative. While it is true, the figures are almost beyond belief, yet the figures must stand. From Mountainair, there have been shipped to date 75 cars of 40,000 pounds each. Less than half of these were sold before the market had reached six cents, and quite a few of the rest have brought nearer seven. The beans that have been shipped from this point alone to date have brought into the valley very close to \$200,000.

A Business Man's Prayer

"Teach me that 60 minutes make an hour; 16 ounces one pound, and 100 cents one dollar. Help me to live so that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow, and undaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain. Grant that I may earn my meal ticket on the square, and that in earning it I may not stick the gaff where it does not belong. Deafen me to the jingle of tainted

money and the rustle of unholy skirts. Blind me to the faults of the other fellows, but reveal to me mine own. Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal. Keep me young enough to laugh with my children. And when come the smell of flowers and the tread of soft steps, and the crunching of wheels out in front, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple: 'Here lies a man.'—Exchange.

That Thanksgiving Pumpkin Pie

When the frost has nipped the 'simmons' an' the pawpaw's russet glow
Sets a fellow's mind a-trappin' to th' days of long ago;
When the frost king's shimmerin' crystals deck the woodland's regal dress,
An' th' apples' mellow fragrance steals from out the cider press;
When a fellow's footsteps crackle in the crisp autumnal air,
An' it's joy to be just livin' in a land so wondrous fair;
It is then I bask contented, 'neath the clear November sky
An' regale myself with visions of that flaky punkin pie.

From the distant hills an' valleys flock the nomads of the earth,
Drawn by mystic waves of feelin' to the hamlets of their birth.
Ghtterin' brocade, ragget jacket, eyes grown stern in sordid guest,
All are lured by vagrant memories; all obey th' same behest.
Deep within each heart is hidden treasured wealth from memories' store,

For across the dim horizon lie the hallowed days of yore;
Wistful eyes smile through th' tear drops, for the train is drawin' nigh—
Nigh to mother gladly waiting—nigh unto that punkin pie.

When the wind is cold an' piercin' an' the pond is frozen hard,
An' the turkeys loudly gobble as they strut about the yard;
There's a most allurin' odor floats out through the kitchen door
That is mighty satisfyin' when a fellow's feelin' sore,
There's a hustle an' a bustle an' a mystifyin' look
To th' woman in th' kitchen as they churn an' bake an' cook,
Till I hanker most distressful—an' I watch with wistful eye
All the appetizin' fixin's they put in that punkin pie.

One by one the leaves have fallen an' the land is white with snow
An' the icicles are hangin' from the eaves in spectral glow;
So I snuggle 'neath the comforts while the fire cracks an' roars,

Bravely warrin' 'gainst the blizzard that is ragin' out o' doors.
While the wind is loudly sighin' I repose myself for sleep,
But soon I'm quickly wakin' for an anxious little peep,
Just to see if dawn is breakin', if the light I can espy;
For I know that on the morrow mother'll cut that punkin pie.

There's a satisfyin' thickness to that yellow, creamy mold—
The creation of a master with its faded tints of gold—
An' I'm filled with dreamy rapture as its depths I contemplate
For its aromatic sweetness all my senses aggravate.

Turkey, stuffin', and the trimmin's are but byways to th' throne,
Where it reigns a regal monarch in a kingdom all its own;
An' I'm filled with satisfaction—though I heave a plaintive sigh
'Cause I've nearly reached my limit—when ma cuts that punkin pie.
—William Edward Ross, in National Magazine.

Cedar Grove

(Continued from first page)

Lewis Davis hauled beans for Mr. Ridgeway the first of the week.

A brother of Mr. Morris, from Texas, is busy looking for a location. He contemplates moving his family here soon.

Mr. Riddel and family, from Texas, are visiting in the Coffey home. They are looking for a location.

Warrel and Chester Perkins helped Mr. Furman thresh, the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris and Sam Meyer and family spent Sunday in the Furman home.

Rufus Sellers has purchased two teams of mules, harness for same, and two wagons. Must be intending to farm some the coming year.

Mr. Perkins lost one of his best horses last week, as a result of drinking too much ice water, after being worked hard.

Rev. Garrison will conduct services at Cedar Grove school house, next Sunday at 2 p. m. Every body most cordially invited.

Several young people from this vicinity attended a party given by Miss Goldie Brunner, of the Pleasant View district, Saturday night. All report a fine time.

Smiles

There is not a single virtue or interest that the saloon does not menace. It is the blight of love, the assassin of honor, the despoiler of the home, the robber of childhood.

Drink is the worst enemy of home. It impoverishes the mind, empties the purse, destroys the happiness of the fireside, brings tears to the wife and rags to the children.

The saloon is the enemy of everything that is dear to the human heart and to God, and should be determinedly outlawed now and forever.

Every wretched home is made out of a possibly happy one; therefore give us Prohibition.

"Say, Jim," said the friend of the taxicab driver, standing in front of the vehicle, "there's a purse lying on the floor of your cab."

The driver looked carefully around and then whispered:

"Sometimes when business is bad I put it there and leave the door open. It's empty, but you've no idea how many people jump in for a short drive when they see it."

"How," asked the young husband who had been up against the matrimonial game for nearly two weeks, "can I tell when the honeymoon is 'I guess that's right,'" rejoined the mere man, "and what women say cause the other two-thirds."

They were dining off fowl in a restaurant. "You see," he explained, as he showed her the wishbone, "you take hold here. Then we must both make a wish and pull, and when it breaks the one who has the bigger part of it will have his or her wish granted."

"But I don't know what to wish for," she protested.

"O, you can think of something," he said.

"No, I can't," she replied; "I can't think of anything I want very much."

"Well, I'll wish for you," he exclaimed.

"Will you, really?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then, there's no use fooling with the old wishbone," she interrupted and with a glad smile: "you can have me."—Ex.

Lady Next Door—Were you named after your mother?

Mary—Of course. She was born before I was.

Farther—Aren't you sorry now that you hit Willie Jones?

Bobby—I ain't half as sorry as he is.

"Gosh ding!"
"What happened?"
"I talked two hours trying to persuade that girl to give me a kiss. Just as she agreed her father came in and began to talk politics."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FRED H. AYERS

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW

Office Hours: 9:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

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Citizen's Barber Shop

First Class Service

PLENTY OF CLEAN TOWELS

JIM PAYNE, Proprietor

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Fire Insurance

The old Reliable SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE CO.—They always pay

Dr. George H. Buer

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MOUNTAINAIR

TRANSFER AND LIVERY

Fred Hinton, Prop.

Does a general Transfer and Livery business. Baggage and freight transferred. Rigs to all parts of the surrounding country. Good teams and charges reasonable.

We get you there when the autos can't—Snow and mud do not stop us.

If It's About Land

TELL US YOUR TROUBLES

In spite of the advance in prices, we still have a number of

Fine Farms and Ranches
For Sale at
Bargain Prices

We have land we can sell you at \$10.00 per acre, that produced crops this year, valued at \$30.00 or more per acre. With the right kind of farming methods this land will never produce less, and this anomalous condition cannot last. Prices must advance.

We also have a number of fine

Farms for Rent

the coming year, either for cash or part of the crop.

We own the townsite of Mountainair, and still have a number of choice business and residence lots for sale, and our prices are an incentive to home people to build their own homes.

Information about the country and its resources gladly furnished inquirers.

THE ABO LAND COMPANY

Incorporated 1901

He (with a sigh)—I have only one friend on earth—my dog;
She—Well, if that isn't enough, why don't you get another dog?

EVERYTHING SANITARY

ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS

Hotel Abo

Opposite Depot

JIM PAYNE, Proprietor

"The House of Plenty to Eat"

Rates by Day, Week or Month

MOUNTAINAIR, N. M.

Luck is Oneself

Some people think it is necessary to go to the city to deal with a big bank. Your home bank is just as safe and offers you better accommodations. We have four other banks in this State which gives us unequalled facilities for handling local business and our banking connections in other cities afford excellent service for all other business.

Being a state bank, your funds, deposited with us, are safe-guarded by the strict State Laws regulating banks, and we also carry Fire and Burglar Insurance and are protected from daylight-holdups, and in addition our employees are polite and competent men, who are also "Bonded." Banking by mail, a special feature. It is easy. Put your money and checks in the Post Office; we do the rest. Check book, etc. furnished free. Call and get acquainted—and investigate; and, if you feel satisfied, we shall be glad to serve you, as we want your business.

WE PAY 4 PER CENT ON CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSITS

The Torrance County Savings Bank

WILLARD, N. M.

Holiday Goods

Within a few days we will receive our Christmas Goods, including a complete line of Toys of all kinds, Novelties of various descriptions, Holiday Specialties, Etc., Etc. Be sure to see this line before making your purchases. We know you will be pleased.

GRIFFIN DRUG COMPANY

Mountainair, N. M.

If you have to Bank by Mail
Do your Banking with

The First National Bank of Albuquerque

Assets over
Five Million Dollars

School Teachers, Attention!

The Mountainair Independent has on hand a quantity of
Monthly Report Cards

suitable for use in the County Schools. These cards are time-savers for the teachers, the studies being arranged in the same order as in the Teacher's Registers. Well printed on good Bristol Board. In lots of one hundred or more the name of the school will be printed in without extra charge.

Per dozen, - - \$.25

Per 50 - - - .75

Per 100 - - - 1.25

Per 250 - - - 2.50

ALL CARDS PREPAID AT THESE PRICES

The Independent,
MOUNTAINAIR, N. M.